



## Saunterings



Reminiscent of a toast of Jack Casserly's in San Francisco at a dinner some years ago, was one given at the luncheon for Mr. and Mrs. Jackling at the Alta club on Wednesday. As remembered, Prince Poniatowski and Will Crocker and others in the magic circle, were at the luncheon and when Casserly was called upon, looked alternately at the Prince and the banker, raised his glass and said, "Here's to the Prince of Bankers and the Banker of Princes."

There is no connection whatever between that toast and the one which seemed to make a home run at the club luncheon except in the mental process, responsible for the same kind of euphony. One was called upon for a toast to Mr. Jackling, and, rising, said, "Here's to the Copper King and the King of Coppers."

Mrs. Armstead Davis and Miss Gladys Hinckley of Washington, D. C., arrived here early in the week on their way to California and were the guests of Samuel Newhouse at the hotel. Mr. Newhouse gave a dinner for them on Tuesday evening followed by a theatre party at the performance of "Sarl." They are very prominent in the capitol and in society circles in the east in general. Miss Hinckley, whose accomplishments are numerous, has remarkable literary ability and will be heard from internationally before many months. Mrs. Davis is a sister of Henry Armstead of New York, well known here. She visited here with her brother in the fall and has numerous acquaintances in smart society. They will probably return this way when they leave San Francisco for the east. They were obliged to leave on short notice owing to a wire received to the effect that some relatives would sail for the Orient on Friday.

"Where does this fellow get this stuff he publishes about us?" asked an inebriate at the leading club the other night. "I think the servants give it to him and I for one resent it. Something ought to be done to suppress it."

Poor nut, if "this fellow" had to eat on what the gentleman quoted above earns without the help of his revered father, he wouldn't have strength enough to write a line or walk a block. Sometimes one is said to have incipient paresis. On this occasion the word "incipient" is a compliment.

"From the servants, hey? Well, if they were the source of the information, it wouldn't matter so much. They don't make much of a display of themselves and they certainly don't talk half so much as those who can't get a job as servants because of incompetency."

The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling on Tuesday was the signal for a celebration, brief but exciting and there was as much fun as could be crowded into the twenty-four hours of welcome. Things began when a party of friends chartered a special car to Farmington and detaching the Cyprus from the regular train, brought the Colonel and his interesting bride to town. There was a dinner for them with intimate friends included at the Walker Sallisburys', a dance at the Tennis club after which a few people accompanied them to the car; a party went to Bingham the following morning and at noon Mr. and Mrs. Lewis McCormick gave a luncheon at the Alta club for twenty-four. The luncheon was a reunion quite different from the usual affairs of the kind and a perfect welcome to the honored guests. Mr. and Mrs. Jackling will be back shortly on their way to the Alaskan properties in which "Jack" is

heavily interested, when their friends will have more time to do something for them. They arrived in San Francisco on Thursday evening and will be at their apartments in the St. Francis until their new home is built.

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The smart luncheon given by Mrs. Lewis W. Sowles on Wednesday for Mrs. Charles Dunning Thompson, and Miss Florence Halloran attracted a dozen of the prominent younger maids and matrons in society. The table was beautifully decorated with jonquils and lilies of the valley and among the guests were several who had been away for a year or two. Among them was Miss Edith Godbe who has been studying music in Boston, but who will spend the summer here. She is one of Salt Lake's most attractive girls, highly accomplished and greatly missed whenever she takes a notion to absent herself.

Mrs. Thompson, one of the MacMillan beauties, will be here several weeks and Miss Halloran has recently returned from a visit with Mrs. Louis Myers in Omaha.

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Mrs. Warren C. Bogue who is visiting Mrs. A. J. Hosmer, was the complimented guest at a luncheon given by that hostess on Tuesday, and on Wednesday was entertained at a luncheon by Mrs. Fred A. Hale and an informal bridge party given by Mrs. R. E. McConaughy.

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There is a girl in town who is of quite remarkable personality. She is so original that one wonders why she does not go with those who need people who think. Perhaps it is her individuality and clever personality that keep her from mixing. I noticed her at the Orpheum the other night, and with the black and white she usually wears, she had a new idea in artificial pearls, set in jet in a ring, earrings and lavalier so large that they would have been offensive on anyone less exotic, but in perfect taste in her attractive style. Look them over if you happen to see her with them on. They are worth copying. She is undeniably clever in all of her creations.

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### SPICE

The office boy in a law office of this town himself hopes to be a lawyer some day. He has begun his studies already by asking questions of the clerks whenever he hears a legal term about which he desires information. The other day he approached one of the clerks with this question: "What do they mean by a contingent fee?" "It's like this," explained the clerk. "If you lose the case your lawyer gets nothing; if you win you get nothing."

Conversation between Smythe and Browne always, in the end, turned to criticism of their friends. They were both he it noted, actors of the old school, and wore alleged fur-lined overcoats all the year round. "I wonder, old boy," said Browne, "how that fool Jones always manages to get a part?" "Dunno, laddie," answered Smythe, "But I rather think it is because he acts so rottenly that he makes the rest of the company seem quite good by comparison."—Answers.

The preacher was a young man and nervous, but interesting. He was making an eloquent plea for the home life, and was descanting eloquently on the evils of the club, telling his congregation

that married men in particular should spend their evenings at home with their wives and children. "Think, my hearers," said he, "of a poor, neglected wife, all alone in the great, dreary house, rocking the cradle of her sleeping babe with one foot and wiping away the tears with the other!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A traveler on a journey was much annoyed by a pedantic bore who forced himself upon him and made a great parade of his learning. The traveler bore it as long as he could, and at length, looking at him gravely, said: "My friend, you and I know all that is to be known." "How is that?" said the man, pleased with what he thought a complimentary association. "Why," said the traveler, "you know everything except that you are a fool, and I know that."—San Francisco Argonaut.

They were all sitting around, telling funny anecdotes. And they were all good friends but two—the cleverest girl in the crowd and the runner-up for those honors. Those two hated each other naturally. The cleverest girl told a humorous story, and it was received with great applause. When the laughter had ceased the deadly rival said: "My goodness! That story is at least forty years old!" The other one didn't blink. She smiled sweetly and answered: "What a memory you have, dear! Fancy remembering that little story every since you heard it the first time!"—Boston Post.

A Sunday school teacher, after conducting a lesson on the story of Jacob's Ladder, concluded by saying "Now is there any little girl or boy who would like to ask a question about the lesson?"

Little Susie looked puzzled for a moment, and then raised her hand.

"A question, Susie?" asked the teacher.

"I would like to know," said Susie, "if the angels have wings, why did they have to climb up the ladder?"

The teacher thought for some moments, and then, looking about the class, asked:

"Is there any little boy who would like to answer Susie's question?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Little Robert—Ma, was Robinson Crusoe an arcobat? Mother—I don't know. Why? Little Robert—Well, here it erads that after he had finished his day's work he sat down on his chest.—Judge.

Little Wendell Holmes Emerson of Boston was resting sedately with his book in the park shortly after dinner. He had eaten too much. He knew perfectly well he had eaten too much and he was surprised and shocked at himself. He hoped fervently that no one would notice his condition. Just then a kindly old lady appeared and sat down beside him.

"Ah," thought Wendell, "I have sadly injured her esthetic sensibilities."

By this time the kind old lady was firmly settled. "My little boy," said she, "are you over eight?"

It was wonderful to see how the young Mr. Emerson with such outlandish grammar should dare to criticise him was unbelievable. "No, ma'am," said he, proudly, "I have overeaten."—National Monthly.